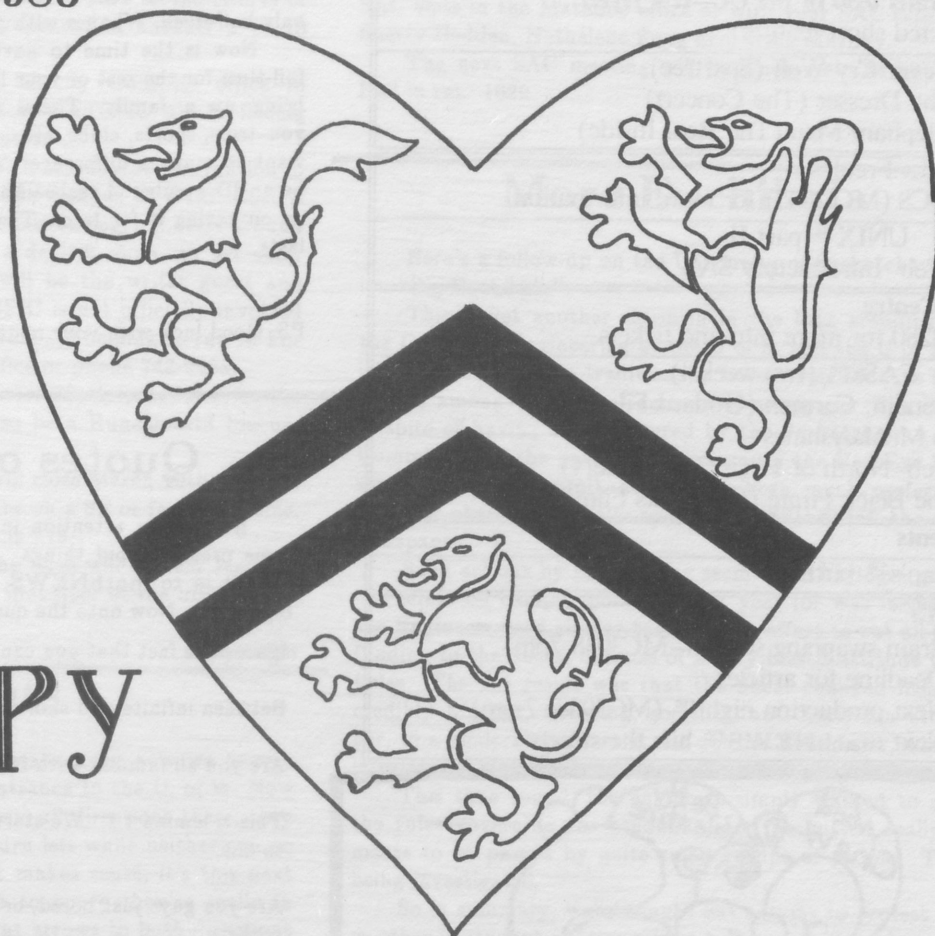


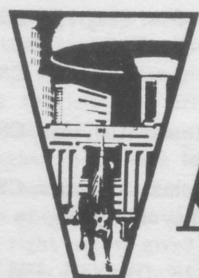
# mathNEWS

Volume 40 Number 3

Valentine's Day 1986



APPY



ALENTINE'S



AY



## LookAhead

Math Events	
16 Feb	Skiing at Mt Ste Anne
19 Feb	Movie night
24 Feb	MGB Tickets available
3 Mar	Pre-registration begins—be prepared!
Co-Ops Only	
<b>Fed Flix</b> \$1 Feds, \$3 aliens AL116 at 8 pm (extra shows at 10:30 pm on Fri, Sat only)	
14-16 Feb	Ghostbusters™
21-23 Feb	Rambo First Blood: Part II
28 Feb - 2 Mar	Commando
<b>Cinema Gratis 9:30 in the CC—it's free!</b> (with selected short feature)	
19 Feb	Never Cry Wolf (Spartree)
26 Feb	The Dresser (The Concert)
5 Mar	Elephant Man (The Real Inside)
<b>DCS Courses Free!</b> Contact DCS (MC 2045) for more information	
17-19 Feb	UNIX™ part II
17,19,20 Feb	Introductory SAS
<b>UW Arts Centre</b> Call 885 4280 for more info and tickets	
14,15 Feb	FASS™ (two weeks!)
17 Feb	Prenom: Carmen (Godard Film)
18-20 Feb	Monkeyshines
until 23 Feb	North of 17 (in The Gallery)
27 Feb	The Black Pirate (Fairbanks Film)
<b>Other Events</b>	
24 Feb	dan's™ birthday
<b>mathNEWS™</b>	
18 Feb	Brain swapping session—MC3038 7pm
24 Feb	Deadline for articles
24 Feb	Next production night™ (MC3038, 7 pm)
28 Feb	Next mathNEWS™ hits the streets



Cut Job Searching and  
Career Planning Down to Size

**INTERVIEW SKILLS**

**RESUME WRITING**

**JOB SEARCH**

**SKILL IDENTIFICATION**

**CAREER PLANNING**

Drop by MC 3035

T 3:30 - 4:30

W 1:30 - 2:30

R 12:30 - 1:30

Students Helping Students  
Regular, Co-op, Part Time

Henry Wai  
Student Vocational Advisor  
Dept. of Coordination and Placement

## Prezz Sezz

What is this school coming to? Apathy is running rampant. It is a disease spreading throughout the campus. Even the infamous engineers are settling down when you compare them to a few years ago. Why is this? Is it because the social events just aren't appealing? I don't think so. Is the pressure of school work just becoming too much so that all energy is gone for other things? Possibly. Is everyone so happy and occupied with their present circle of friends? Maybe. Don't you realise that university is not just for studying books but for socialising as well? Everything outside of schoolwork is also a learning experience and possibly more important when it comes to the real world.

A recent Thursday night at Fed Hall showed an attendance of 150. On Friday Jan. 31, Math presented The Jitters. The place was only half-filled. What is with people? I really want to know.

Now is the time to have fun. Just wait 'till you have to work full-time for the rest of your life that includes those who stay home to bring up a family. There are so many opportunities drifting by you—trips, sports, clubs, etc... Look around, open your eyes. Don't you want to make a difference? You'll regret it later. It's your life. Don't be an ID number. I realise financially, things are tough, but you can't go on saving it for later. The time for living is now—enjoy it while it lasts.

MathSoc President

Wilma van der Veen

PS. Good luck with your midterms and Happy Valentine's.

## Quotes of the Week

If you pay attention in class you know that professors can say some pretty stupid things. If you catch a particularly witty remark send it in to mathNEWS. The best anonymous entries qualify for big prizes. Now onto the quotes.

Ignore the fact that you can't read this. I don't care.

Eric Fraga, CS 337

Between infinite and short there is a big difference.

Dr G.H. Gonnet

Are you all familiar with factoring.

Econ 202

This is lemma 1.1. We start a new chapter so the numbers all go back to one.

Prof Seager, C&O 351

Are you guys just bored, or are you all lost?

CS 482

I have to convince you, or at least snow you ....

Romas Aleliunas, CS 435

It runs like x, where x is something unsavoury

Romas Aleliunas, CS 435

If the norms of  $f_n$  are going to zero then they are going to zero. That's what we mean by going to zero.

K. Davidson, PM 351b

Breadth-first search is the bulldozer of science.

Randy Goebel, CS 486

Because of perspective, your mind is able to disambiguate what it's seeing.

Dan Field, CS 488

It's good that I'm making so many errors, because it's forcing you to follow the lecture.

Dan Field, CS 488 and CS 340

## Watsup?

WATSFIC held its Tenth Anniversary Reunion Party on Saturday, February the 8th in the Engineering Lecture Hall. Approximately 60 people showed up during the day. The winner of the Cosmic Encounters tournament was Rob (halftrack) Quinn. The sf trivia quiz had Ronald M. Green emerge the winner. The winning team in Gerry Smit's Traveller tournament was the team of Joe Orr, Ken Waterson, Brian Tretheway and Ronald M. Green.

The rest of day was filled out with videos, other games, historical displays, balloons and cake. In the evening, 45 people went off to see FASS the Scream Play. In addition, other WATSFICers were on stage as part of the FASS cast. WATSFIC's current president was rather wooden in some of his acting, but then what do you expect from a dummy.

The WATSFIC Party was a success (due in part to the efforts of Heather Gamble) and will probably be repeated in another 5 or 10 years.

WATSFIC will be departing very shortly from its office in MC1009. After receiving an eviction notice, WATSFIC will be fleeing to the new clubs room in the Campus Centre.

On Saturday, March 1st, there will be a one day SF convention in Waterloo. WILFCON 2 is being held on the campus of WLU. Cost is \$2.00 in advance, \$3.00 at the door. The convention will start around 12:30 pm. There will be videos, panels, a dealers room, an art show and guests. Guy "Summer Tree" Kay will be the writer guest and Heather Bruton the artist guest. WATSFIC is not officially involved with this con, but a number of WATSFICers are helping to run it. For more information check the WATSFIC office or phone 743-9485.

The WATSFIC AD&D Tournament is currently scheduled for the weekend of March 8 & 9. There will also be a RuneQuest3 tournament on the weekend of March 22nd.

The WATSFIC short story contest will close March 10th. Stories can be up to 7500 words long and should be on a SF or fantasy theme. First prize is \$50, second is \$25 and third is \$15.

WATSFIC meetings for the rest of the term will be held Wednesday nights at 7:30 pm somewhere on the first floor of the math building (check MC1009 for details).

djmullin

## New Lights

As the more observant of you may have realized by now we have a new light system at the University Ave. entrance to the U. of W. Now since there are so many left hand turns from all directions there, they have left hand arrows letting both ways turn left while neither can go straight for both sets of traffic. This part makes sense, it's this next bit that sucks. Now to be real official & to prove they're really in charge the city then gives straight and right arrows to both directions after the left turn arrow instead of giving a green light. Now let's analyze this. A left turn arrow gives left turns priority over cars going straight, this seems to make sense. Although it does stop everyone from moving if there's no left turns, it lets left turns from both directions get thru even if busy traffic, so it is justifiable. But the straight and right arrow gives cars going straight priority over cars turning left. Now I know my last workterm was outside of Ontario but don't cars going straight still have priority over left turns? That's what I thought. So all these fiii-trucking (read that without the iii-tr) arrows do is stop cars from turning left when there is no other traffic. They've only been up a few weeks and I've already seen numerous times when cars turning left had to sit and wait thru a straight ahead arrow when there was no other cars on the road. What a pile of crap. If anyone can think of any reason to give a straight and right arrow instead of a green light please tell me. The rest of you (read this as everyone since there is no reason) can just bitch about it a lot and maybe the traffic light fairy godmother might turn the straight arrow into a green light.

Brett Martin

## In The SAC

SAC, that crazy bunch of students that think things could actually be run better, and Needless Hall say:

- As of Jan. 28, there were 476 math students going through interviews for the spring work term, but only 725 jobs! This is down substantially from Jan. last term and this SAC reporter hopes the job - student ratio will be a healthier 2 to 1 by the time **mathNEWS** comes out.

- Starting this term, there will be a co-op orientation session on sexual harassment. Anyone who has any problems in this area or who wants information should contact their co-ordinator or the Women's Commission at ext. 6305.

Any ideas for Co-ordination and Placement can be left in the SAC slots in the MathSoc office or with your SAC reps. Brett Martin, Sherry Hedden, Nathelene Fong and Brian Murphy.

The next SAC meeting will be Tues. Feb. 25 at 4:30 in Needles Hall in rm. 1029.

Brett Martin  
SAC chairman

## More Enchilada

Here's a follow-up on the University of Saskatchewan student union "Big Enchilada".

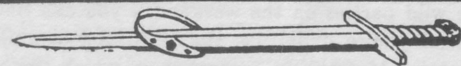
This is yet another skirmish in the long standing feud between the College of Engineering at the U of S, and the U of S Students Union. These two have traditionally been rivals because of a number of things, among them the Engineering newspaper The Red Eye, which in spite of having been censured by the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in the past (current issues of the Red Eye have been substantially more tactful), has always been much preferred by U of S students over the partially sponsored USSU Sheaf, the official campus newspaper.

Such actions by Engineering seem to be having a generally beneficial effect on campus politics. Last year (or was it the year before?) the Engineers used similar tactics in an effort to cut all Student Union funding to the Sheaf, because of a very biased attitude taken in its articles. The net result was that the Sheaf changed from being an incredibly Marxist, left-wing, socialist, anti-American student newspaper, to a moderately Marxist dot dot dot newspaper, which occasionally printed a piece of real news.

This time round, the engineers simply wanted to point out that the rules governing the student union permitted really silly amendments to be passed by quite small groups of people. The problem is being investigated.

So in summary, well thought out actions to protest some problem or other in student politics can be humorous, harmless, and effective!

Not an engineer,  
Ken McDonald, U of S



## IMPERIUMS TO ORDER

(Role-Playing and War Games)

103 QUEEN ST. S. KITCHENER ONTARIO, N2G-1W1  
(519) 744-3831

10% Off With This Ad

Valid Until February 27 Only

## Valentine's Day in Other Lands

Here at the University of Waterloo, Valentine's Day is celebrated with the exchanging of heart-shaped cards, candies, flowers and sexual favours. Though this is not unique to UW, there are many places where the 14th of February is celebrated quite differently.

In the Honduras, young lovers gather together on the beaches and ceremoniously cast frozen vegetables into the ocean in an ancient tradition symbolizing maturity and the elimination of jealousy and envy.

In Belgium it is the 13th of February which holds the greater significance, as married couples musically exchange "Oh yeah"s, "Yeah"s, "Says who"s and "Says me"s. February 14 is called Mistress' day.

In Pinawa Manitoba, Valentine's day is celebrated by the drinking of beer and watching of television.

Closer to home, at the University of Western Ontario, students celebrate the day by wearing coats which have "Happy Valentine's Day From The University Of Western Ontario, London Ontario" written in bold letters across the back.

But i think we can all learn a lesson from the people of Chicago where, on this day, the children dress in bright clothes and climb the exteriors of tall office buildings.

dan schnabel  
news editor

## My Workterm not in Pinawa

You may have noticed all the co-op jobs in Pinawa, Manitoba, and wondered why there are so many jobs out in the middle of nowhere. This article discusses Pinawa and separates the myth from the fiction.

In 1960, the Federal Government decided to build a nuclear reactor, but found that if they tried to locate it in Toronto or Montreal or somewhere with a bit of night life, the inhabitants would get upset and suggest that if they had to live next to a nuclear reactor the government would never be elected again and that they would be much happier if the reactor were farther away, say 100km Northeast of Winnipeg. This seemed reasonable to the government, so they located the reactor in Pinawa, which is in an isolated part of Manitoba in the middle of the Precambrian Shield, where the most interesting part of the scenery is granite rock outcroppings, and there is no one around to suggest the nuclear plant should be put somewhere else. Thus, the Whiteshell Nuclear Research Establishment in Pinawa, which performs research on disposal of nuclear waste, reactor safety, and effects of radiation on human cells, needs many co-op students as guinea pigs, er, researchers. The name "Pinawa" comes from an Indian word meaning "slow and calm", so you can guess how much night life there is in Pinawa.

However, the reactor is right next to Whiteshell Provincial Park (makes sense, put nuclear reactors in our parks), so you can go camping and have wild parties on the weekend if you can find a lead tent. (Added bonus if you're under 19: the Manitoba drinking age is 18.) The park contains Manitoba's deepest lake, which the authorities insist was created by a meteorite and not a nuclear meltdown.

So, if you are considering working in Pinawa, remember it could be worse - you could end up working in Mississauga.

ISSN 0705-0410

mathNEWS is normally a bi-weekly publication funded by, but otherwise independent of, the Mathematics Society at the University of Waterloo. Content is the responsibility of the mathNEWS editor; however, any opinions expressed herein are those of the authors and not necessarily those of MathSoc or mathNEWS. mathNEWS is an associate member of Watsfic. Send your correspondence to: mathNEWS, MC 3036, University of Waterloo, 200 University Ave. W., Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, N2L 3G1 or to userid mathnews@watdcsu on USENET.

Editor: dan schnabel

## Love Potion Invented

Scientist everywhere are calling it a rare and unusual event that usually happens rarely, if at all. In this age where the one-man inventors like Bell, Franklin and Sutherland are near extinction, a young man, working on his own, has single handedly invented one of the most important inventions of the entire television game show industry.

Larry Reedman, of the Shakespearian Studies Department of Howard Jones University in South Carolina. Professor Reedman has been an amateur inventor since the loss of his left hand in a bizarre and horrible lawn-mowing accident. He has announced the discovery of a substance, which when poured into people's martinis at a cocktail party will cause them to fall madly. He made the announcement while buying a vowel.

Larry, whose previous inventions - like the bladeless lawn-mower - have met with little success, can often be seen in the studio audience of The Price Is Right.

Sandy Kofalvi, president of Howard Jones University, in a speech given to the Association of Power Tools, referred to Professor Reedman's enviable devotion, diligence and mechanical hand. When later asked by mathNEWS if she had anything more to say declared that she had something more to say.

Kerry Garnier, Kerry Surman and Cary Timar, Larry's three ex-wives, held a press conference Tuesday but didn't say much.

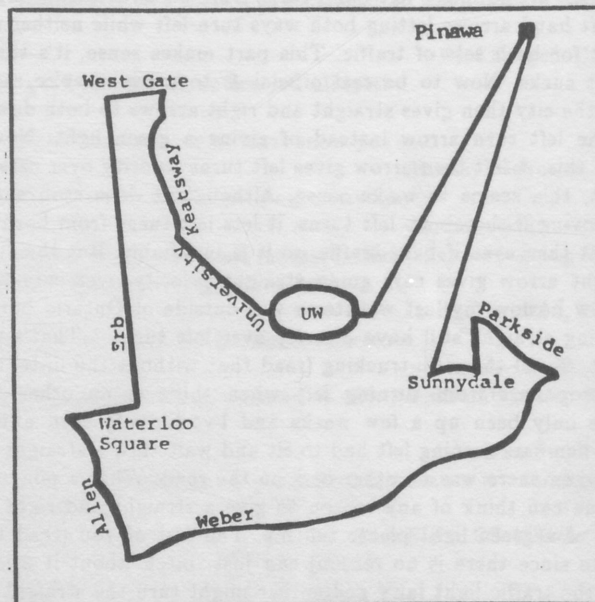
dan schnabel  
news editor

## The Safety Mazda

A NEW SERVICE  
FOR  
STUDENTS, FACULTY & SONNY

Space is limited on the safety mazda. Therefore, Sonny will be given first priority and the van will operate on a first come, first served basis.

Riders will be picked up at the campus centre (see turnkey desk.) Riders will be dropped off at any point along the route (see map.) -



## FeedBack

Dear mathNEWS

I'm really pissed off! Okay, I'll tell you why! It's this MGB money raising campaign. When the MGB buttons were being sold we were told our dollar would help fund the MGB and, as an added bonus, we would receive free coffee on C+D days. How many C+D days? "Several", was the answer. Since several most often means more than three, and I know I drink at least one coffee a day, I willingly laid out my dollar. With anticipation I watched for signs of a C+D day, and there it was! C+D day #1; the sign said

Free Hot Drinks  
Wed in the C+D  
with an MGB button  
sm coffee hot chocolate  
tea

Hallelujah, there it was. Eagerly I rushed into the C+D, button in hand, wallet nowhere to be found, and what do I see? with any other purchase. Of all the @#\*&!! You know, it's not the money, it's the method. Why the hell didn't they give us the facts with the pitch. It's this kind of underhanded stealing from the wallet that's invading this campus with its computer fees and locker user fees. Aren't we safe within the haven of our own C+D? Where will it end?

Pissed offedly  
The Loud Minority

P.S. Don't anyone dare ask me to support anything MathSoc again!

Dear Loud

The Webster Encyclopedia of the English Language defines "several" as "more than two, but not very many". The Math Grad Ball committee has planned three C+D days for this term, so the price of your button has just been reduced to 25¢, if you only drink one coffee per day. In addition to C+D days, you can get a discount on pizza days (of which there will be two more), so now your button has more than paid for itself. However, you have a point in complaining about not being told that the coffee was only free with a purchase. That should have been mentioned to the salespeople. It was not a deliberate oversight - the buttons people were mostly 4th year students who have seen promotions like this during their time here and for whom the "with any other purchase" is standard. I sincerely apologize if you still feel misled. Our intention is not to "underhandedly steal" from the students, but to raise money to put on a classy formal for the graduating students. As a final note, I would like to point out that the MGB committee is actually losing money on the buttons. They are supposed to raise awareness of the MGB, not generate barrels of cash. Furthermore, please don't confuse MGB with MathSoc. The MGB is independent of MathSoc, and all money raised will be used for the formal.

Yours calmly and collectedly  
Diane Kilcoyne  
MGB Button Sales

Dear mathNEWS

I find it hard to believe that a publication of such high quality as yours would not run any serial adventure with feminine heroes. The females in your stories are of the 'dumb blonde' type and do not belong in a paper catering to a male/female ratio of approximately 3 : 2.

I have some ideas for a serial that would include, among other persons, females and males interacting in an intelligent and realistic way. Please let me know if you would like me to submit the stories.

Clea  
3A Math

Dear Clea

We would love to have you submit stories. We appreciate any submissions we receive, but we have never received anything like what you propose. I whole-heartedly agree with all your opinions, unfortunately we haven't the people to fill the need you've recognized. Please do come and speak to me in person - the mathNEWS office in MC 3036 (You might also check with MathSoc).

dan the editor

Dear editor

Who started the tradition of eating the red ones last? Why don't they line their boxes with "genuine Saskatchewan seal skin bindings?"

Putz (A.K.A Super Dave  
Osbourne's Pet Dog)

Dear Putz

In ancient Egypt, red dye was always the rarest and most expensive. As a consequence, when sweater manufacturers had to dye their sweaters, they would do the red ones last - having by that time determined the absorption characteristics of the acrylic. This procedure was maintained for a long time. With the fall of Rome, the Rowntree corporation was faced with a declining demand for sweaters and low cost red candy-coating. Soon thereafter, Theodore Shakespeare, great grandfather of the famous Conrad Shakespeare, came up with the now-famous jingle which made red seem rare and precious again.

I don't know if you knew, but I was born and raised in Saskatoon Saskatchewan. Only two good things ever came out of Saskatoon. The other was Saskatoon Berry Jelly. The only seals I ever saw in that province were the cardboard economy models, and so I am convinced that Rowntree actually is using the genuine article.

dan the editor

Dearest editor

This is a list of people I don't like. Please do something about it.

Them, The Back Row

This is a list of people I do like.

The Road Runner

Bonso (even if he did hang  
around with that monkey

Ronald Reagan)

Howie Meeker

He-Man

Descartes

Tetley Tea Folk

Elmer Fudd

Herb!

Rockin Dave T.

Dearest Rockin Dave

When The Back Row stands up, they will discover that I have put gum on their seats. I hope this pleases you.

dan the editor

Dear Editor

My friend and I can't decide if Chris Springer looks more like Clark Kent or Dennis the Menace's father, so can you tell us if

- 1) he looks more like Clark Kent
- 2) more like Dennis the Menace's father or
- 3) if Clark Kent is Dennis the Menace's father?

Confused in Stats

Dear Confused:

Your interesting question has led to an interesting, almost amazing answer. It turns out that all three are descendants of one Kenneth Davidson, a newspaper tycoon in 19th century England. Mr. Davidson was so dedicated to his newspaper that his first two children were covered in small printing from birth. Kenneth had one illegible son - Chris Springer's great grandfather. Clark Kent and Dennis the Menace's father are both the great-grandchildren of Kenneth's second child, Herbert.

dan the editor

## The Surfin' Einsteins

### meet the Nasty Newtonians

*A True Story by W. Flaghoople*

For those of you who don't know, and I can't see how there could be any of you left, the surfin' Einsteins are Albert Einstein's quintuplet grandchildren, Sonny, Bobo, Frank, Lou and Joey, and are also the five craziest, most radical, all-out nuts to tread on the beach, and yet they're thoughtful guys too.

Their heroes are: Einstein (of course), The Ramones, Evariste Galois, Corky Carroll, Gloria Steinem, Martin Luther King, and Jack Nicholson, to name a few.

Their creed is: Philosophy, Physics and Phun man.

Let us listen in on them in their natural habitat, Venice Beach:

BEACH GIRL: You Einstein brothers are bitchin' man.

BOBO: My sense of bitchin' is my sense of wonder at the universe.

SONNY: You said it, Bobo man.

FRANK: Radical!

LOU: Groovy!

JOEY: Mmmf... (takes a drink of his beer)

OTHER BEACH GIRL: Hey, what's that noise?

BOBO: It sounds like dune buggys.

SONNY: Hey, it's those dirty Newtonians comin' around to wreck our fun.

NEWTONIAN #1: Hey there, Einsteins, having a good time? Or should I say space?

OTHER NEWTONIANS: Har har har har har har.

LOU: You guys are in the dark ages. When're you gonna learn that special relativity is where it's at.

NEWTONIAN #2: At least you won't find us playing violin on the beach like you guys do. You'd think something was the *matter* with you guys. Matter - get it guys?

OTHER NEWTONIANS: Har har har har har har.

FRANK: Boy, if I wasn't a pacifist, I'd sock you one.

NEWTONIAN #2: Oh yeah?

FRANK: Yeah!

SONNY: Hold it, before things get any tensor, let's settle this scientifically.

NEWTONIAN #1: How're we gonna do that?

SONNY: Easy, you demonstrate an application of your theories, and we'll do so also - see?

(All five Newtonians huddle together for a few minutes to discuss this.)

NEWTONIAN #2: Okay, we'll do it.

BOBO: Bring any materials you may need, 'cause you cats are gonna eat our dust!

NEWTONIAN #1: Oh yeah?

NEWTONIAN #2: Okay, let's see... we need a stopwatch, a scale...

LOU: Just one more condition dudes.

NEWTONIAN #1: What's that.

LOU: We get to demonstrate our experiment first.

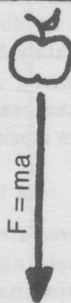
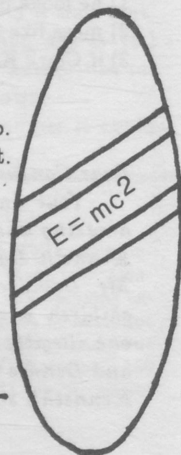
NEWTONIAN #1: Okay, where should we meet you?

LOU: At our summer place, at Los Alamos, New Mexico.

JOEY: We'll put some signs up to tell you where to wait.

NEWTONIAN #2: Okay... be there or B squared.

Next: The BIG rumble....



## Participaction

Have you ever noticed that in every area but one the males outnumber the females by a factor of at least 10 to 1? I certainly have. The only coed activities where there are more females than males are the fitness classes. Now this just does not make sense! I mean, where else can a guy see dozens of girls in various states of undress doing violently physical activities without the proper support garments? Just sneak into the back of a class some time and you'll see what I mean.

I'm sure if guys thought of this we'd have a lot more guys in the fitness classes ... and less girls! Hmmm..

Before you guys all rush out to join a fitness class you should probably know a few things.

The classes may be only 70% female by numbers but usually are around 95% female by weight.

These girls have been doing these exercises with a passion, and thus are able to do them much better than you can, despite the fact that they have so much more to move around. You will not look very macho.

Then there is the instructress. She sits up there effortlessly doing everything, with a big smile on her face, while you flop around on the mats trying to follow her. The smile comes from how silly you look. You hope. After all she could be a viscious sadist ... which would explain why she continually speeds up the pace (and has us run not once, not twice, but 6!!!!!! times around the PAC every class!).

Then there are the exercises themselves. These are targeted to the female problem areas (thighs, butt and waist), and will eventually make them sexy looking. This will look good on the girls, but on a guy????!?!?!?

So guys, on second thought you don't want to join a fitness class, right? As for the guys already in them, well, we'll just suffer. (After all, \$8 is a lot of money, isn't it?)

derfy

## Student Arrested

Ken Shirriff, a Computer Science student, was put under arrest last Saturday for attempting to remove snow from a public sidewalk on a non-weekday.

Unaware of Campus law, Ken borrowed a tablespoon from the Village One cafeteria and began clearing snow Saturday afternoon. He was quickly seized by campus security who were tipped off by Pip Toff, a Village One resident.

Bail has been set at \$10,000.09.

When mathNEWS approached Al Romenco, Director of Security and Sean's illegitimate father, and asked him about the harsh treatment the offender was allegedly receiving, he got mad.

Ken will appear in court on Monday February 17. He is expected to plead insanity.

dan schnabel  
news editor

## Essay Contest Winner

mathNEWS is pleased to be able to print the winning entry in the English Department's "Why I Would Love To Have A Horn Sticking Out Of My Forehead" essay contest. Congratulations once again to Kerry Surman, a third year English major and self-confessed cute person.

In response to the formidable dilemma posing literarists for many centuries - "Why would I love to have a horn sticking out of my forehead?" - I turn first to the classic epic of the blind bard Milton. In *Paradise Lost*, he praises the epic hero in the following passage: "With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes / That sparking blaz'd, his other Parts besides / Prone on the Flood, extended long and large" (Book 1, 11 193-5).

One may mistakenly interpret Milton's allusion to Satan's "long and large" part as that involved in copulation, but centuries of scholarly research dictate the mention to be of Satan's horns. In this way, he uplifts the horn as a desirous object by claiming it a quintessential element of the Archfiend's power as Prince of Darkness and ruler of the underworld. For such reasons of might and force, I feel the horn would be a valuable acquisition, so that I might have the power and appearance to conquer such arch-enemies as the Department of Coordination and Placement demons, and the English department advisors.

Although scholars may claim the aforementioned reference of Satan's part(s) not to represent the sexual organ(s), there can be proven without a doubt that the horn is a potent symbol of sexual prowess to such eternal playwrights as Shakespeare. Evidenced by the would-be adulterer in the romantic revenge comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Sir John Falstaff enters the scene in Windsor Forest to meet his objects of desire: "Remember, / Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns, O powerful love! / That in some respects makes a beast a man / in some other a man a beast" (Act 5, sc.v, 11.3-7). As the phallic significance is reinforced in Falstaff's heavily erotic soliloquy, Shakespeare promotes the horn on one's forehead as a visible (to all) representation of sexual potency, or to phrase the concept more plainly, to show that one is "horny". The function of such a vivid presentation could easily be demonstrated in such campus institutions as Federation Hall.

With such witnesses as Milton and Shakespeare to provide evidence for my case of "Why I would love to have a horn sticking out of my forehead," I turn now to Plato and his theory of bony growths on the heads of certain hooved mammals ....

### Masthead

Inmeasurable thanks to the production crew.

They were: John Omielan, Dave Leitold, Paul Obeda, Gregg Simmons, Fred Walter, Glenn McFarlane, Ken Sherriff (mathNEWS came up with the bail money), Rob Muir, Bruce Sutherland, Kerry Garnier, Jane Dunlop, Dan K.

Thanks to Marja and Alison for their special guest appearances.

Apologies for those little things that were missed but, as it turns out, we can't do everything and study for midterms to.

## Election Results

Congratulations are due to Bill-the-Cat and Opus, victors in the recent Federation elections. These enterprising independent candidates believe the key to their success was their innovative campaign platform. Steering clear of conventional election issues such as townhouses, student safety and David Bray's personal life, their diversified yet relevant platform touched on several crucial student concerns.



We at mathNEWS wish them the best of luck and will be watching for the implementation of their ambitious goals.



### Volker-Craig Ltd.

330 Weber Street North  
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada N2J 3H6  
☎ (519) 884-9300  
☎ In Toronto Call (416) 456-2070  
☎ Toll Free 1-800-265-8883

Refurbished Data Terminals

From \$195.

DEC • DG • ASCII • TEKTRONIX

COMPATIBLE MODELS

Call Peter or Gail at 884-9300.

# THE ADVENTURES OF WATMAN



When we last saw our heroes they were suspended in a cage above the Red Room, where WASS had left them what he hoped would be an ignoble end...

"Well, Watman, what do we do now?"

"I don't know, Duck. WASS hasn't said anything about how he planned to destroy us."

"Watman! Look!"

"What, at that glow? That's just a terminal."

"No, up there. There were lots of cages just like this one above us when we walked in on WASS."

"And now they and everything inside them are disappearing. Duck, I might be mistaken, but unless I am, I think we are in a stack frame that's about to be popped. Come on, Duck. You'll need your Watgrapple for this."

"There's a node we can hang from as soon as this thing goes. I'll throw mine, and you throw yours."

"Und now der Moment Ich hab bin waiting for. Ich poppen der Stackframen mit Watman and Duck inside!" chuckled WASS as he burst through the door and issued a signal.

"Now, Duck!" hissed Watman as the cage around them vanished into nothing. They dangled from their Watgrapples and dropped to the floor.

"POW! BAM!! ZOWIE!!!" suggested Watman.

"We used that last time," said Duck.

"How about OOF! SOCK!! THUNK!!!"

"Fine by me."

OOF!

SOCK!!

THUNK!!!

"OK, WASS, you've just popped your last stack frame and assigned your last Friday night class. Now students have to know the index numbers for their course requests."

"Oh ho, Watman. That ist better than Ich can have imagined. Not to worry, Watman. Ich hab trained many assistants. You have not seen de end of me yet!"

"Watman! Look over there!"

"Yes, Duck. I see. I see."

"Hi, Watman. I'm Statwoman."

"I, uh, er, I am pleased to meet you, Statwoman."

"Oh, no!" moaned Duck, to no one in particular.

"What is the probability of you wanting to come to my place, or

back to stately Wright Manor for an evening of leisure and, *mmm*, pleasure with me?"

"I, uh, er, ah..."

"Watman! Don't!" cried Duck.

"Uh, sure, I think... it makes sense..." continued Watman.

"Holy matrimony!" exclaimed Duck.

"You have inferred correctly, Boy Blunder! He's under my spell now!" cackled Statwoman. "And I intend to make him all mine! Take this!"

Statwoman pressed a button on her Walkman and placed the headphones on Duck. "Course notes for STAT 231, excerpted from Kalbfleisch, *Probability and Statistical Inference*, Second Edition, Volume 2..." droned the tape. Duck was immediately lulled to sleep by the recording.

"But what about... no, that's not significant... my, you have a lovely distribution..." mumbled Watman incoherently.

"Of course, my dear Watman. Come along, love. Statwoman will take good care of you within a 95% confidence interval." An ogling Watman followed in a state of confusion.

"And theta-hat is called the maximum likelihood estimator..." continued the tape into the ear of a comatose Duck.

Will Watman be subjected to tests of significance too horrid to mention in a family magazine? Will Duck survive 45 minutes of a dictated statistics textbook? Can anyone say that the Dynamic Duo will survive with any confidence?

Stay tuned next issue, same Stat-time, same Stat-channel.

Na-na-na-na na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na na-na-na-na... **WATMAN!**  
The Chuckler

## The Gooch Corner

*Gooch's article was rather long, arrogant, obnoxious and inappropriate. To remedy this, every second word was removed. -ed*

Since illustrious with began months, I been with untold of. People to to me. At, I more pleased offer viewpoints far these were. But, I these quite: I like when eating a with attractive woman someone over, me asks questions I've answered times. Hopefully, dealing these now prevent of above from happening.

Let's my to most questions:

1) "Are as as seem be you?"

First all, use the "arrogant" conjunction my troubles. To, there no description befits connotations the "arrogant". People lie, they the. When exaggerate virtues (are in "arrogant") they lying. I not that. Granted, do an of, is needed in self-actualization. The that am does make arrogant. People mistakenly it.

2) "What you of who you?"

Not. Seriously, , I it irritating these hope to. As well, I very, which will explain I, at, so in columns. In past, I mathies having "taste", critics took pronouncement its meaning. In your in, I, a level condeming conformist to. Some you Jane for music, fact does trouble in least. Many of you her because is and herself clothing appears was by people. It these who have respect, who things be. These, that people things order be, because is "in". Confusing? You it.

My of conformists the gist my columns, I these should thinking themselves than fashionability.

So "M" and "Sokol" my of, they, in, displaying own and inability read the. It me people me recognizing they're.

3) "Why you a instead your name?"

Believe or, more know as Gooch as name on ID. It's, but the nonetheless. Personally, would that people my with Gooch, I not to accosted public by recognizing. Sometimes people be, embarrassing even, and prefer avoid situations. However, people that use a stems from than humility. Just to you ridiculously misunderstood.

*continued on page 11*



## Slash's Shoebox

VIII. Concert Review - 10,000 Maniacs at the Starwood Club, Toronto; January 31, 1985

The brilliant afterglow gave way to arrestingly cold early evening air as the U of T types prepared for Friday night in their myriad ways. Grey city gave way to white sky as fluttering flurries glimmered in pallid streetlight shine. The Annex seemed lacking after snackage so we grooved around to keep warm and kill time. The riche sniggered at our Popeye cigarettes; in six months they'll know better.

About 8:40 the seedy regulars evaporated and we drifted into the Starwood, otherwise known as Ildiko's, a decrepit and cavernous Greek restaurant bar above street level, and found a good vantage adjacent to a generic wooden monolith. The battered house lights were wilting under the power surges of the sound checks and our veg-omatic waitress provided no end of entertainment during the ensuing wait. No sign of poseur CFNY types, but slimy record company execs and the consistently oily Elliot Lefko were in evidence. An annoying bit of local noise dubbed The Ikons persisted for 45 minutes despite the unfresh fruit. Eventually, at 11:35, the reason we had come appeared.

10,000 Maniacs hail from Jamestown, New York, not at all far from where I call home, yet I had never seen them live, despite a couple of appearances in an early foray to T.O. in 1982. Their first record was an EP, *Human Conflict Number Five*, in 82, which was followed by an LP, *Secrets of the I Ching*, in 1984. Both of these were indie releases, and relied heavily on a strong Soca base. Their latest album, and the first on a major label (Elektra chose the Maniacs over local heroine Jane Siberry, who then signed with San Francisco's esoteric Windham Hill), is called *The Wishing Chair*, and wisely exhibits a departure from the Caribbean rhythms and goes folky, drawing

heavily on seminal electronic folk influences like Britain's Fairport Convention, yet with a rustic quality that is distinctly American. Joe Boyd, who has worked with FC, and of late with glory-boys REM, was no fluke choice as producer. To categorize their sound further would be to detract from the originality and brilliance which is captured on this record.

By the time the Maniacs took the stage, the place was jammed beyond all imagining, as the band rushed headlong into *Arbor Day*... I had heard about her, I had envisaged her, but nothing could have prepared myself or those in attendance for what was to come. A tiny, winsome, charmer named Natalie Merchant proceeded to win our hearts. If you could imagine a frontier family of boys and one feisty older sister, you would have a good picture of the chemistry in this band. The playing was **tight** -- an always enticing mixture of guitar, mandolin, organ, and even accordion provided by the five male members of the band laid the canvas whereon Miss Merchant painted her captivating portraits of America (she wrote them all). The irony is brilliant; it lays bare the manner in which the country has gone from a once rustic, charming pastorate to a spectral dirge, and conveys the concern these young natives feel for this transition.

Natalie, with her introspective, unique voice, her simple cotton print dress, her diaphanous black scarf, and her flaxen mane swirled, gestured, hunkered, and capered like the imp of a Saturday night barn dance through gems like *Just As The Tide Was A Flowing*, *Can't Ignore The Train*, *Back O' The Moon*, and some older material, but she was at her best during the breaks, when she would jump into obscure snippets of folky Americana, hands on hips in a manner that was at once Celtic gypsy, frontierswoman, and dark and brooding Joplinesque. The pace never let up, and the charm and honesty were so pure that the great west was won once more. By the time they wrapped up with an a capella *He's 1-A In The Army And A-1 In My Heart*, a false start, a quick "Let's try it again, boys" from Natalie, and a breakneck thrash through *My Mother The War*, they had left their stamp on the minds of those in attendance. A quirky set of encores, including a neat version of *Katrina Starr* spurred on by a diehard, and they were gone.

Few things in this world can be described as 'enchanted', but this performance was one of them. But none of you gummies bothered to go, so that's why I'm bothering telling you so.

## Platter Spatter That Matters

A recent domestic release is the soundtrack for the motion picture *Pretty in Pink*. This is yet another film aimed at the discriminating teenage movie-goer starring Molly Ringwald, late of *Sixteen Candles* and *The Breakfast Club*. The soundtrack features the most recent single, "Bring On The Dancing Horses" by Echo and the Bunnymen (another typically obscure Bunnymen cut), as well as songs by Belouis Some, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark and INXS. The Smiths' "Please please please let me get what I want" is also on the album. This Smiths song was recently covered by the Dream Academy. By his own admission, Morrissey was almost moved to tears when he heard the Dream Academy's rendition.

The Psychedelic Furs, who will be releasing a new album shortly, have re-mixed a slightly softer version of their "Pretty in Pink" for the title track. As well, New Order has written a new song, "Shell-Shock", for the film. Unrecognizable as New Order on first listen, "Shell-Shock" tends to grow on you and appears to be another New Order cut destined to be a favourite for the dance circuit. It will be interesting to see how the movie utilizes the combined talents of all these first rate musicians.

Speaking of the Dream Academy, they will be playing two or three nights at the Concert Hall this May. Depeche Mode are planning a North American tour during the summer. Details are still unavailable for the Cult's anticipated Superskate 7 gig. The show is supposed to be either March 10 or 12. A recent pressing of the Cult's *Love* in the UK had minor complications. One side had "Love", while the other had Bauhaus. What a collector's item!

Tickets are now on sale at BASS outlets for the following Concert hall events:

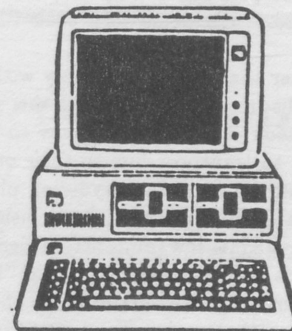
Kid Creole and the Coconuts - March 2  
Violent Femmes - March 18  
Jesus and Mary Chain - March 19.

CS Kittens

Omega

XT

SPECIALISTS IN IBM COMPATIBLE  
COMPUTERS & SOFTWARE



home computer centre

255 KING ST. WEST  
KING CENTRE, KITCHENER

(519) 745-6789

## The Raj of Rochester

### Part Three

{When last we left our bold adventurers, Pierce Williams and the bard Regall Pander were off to see Troyer Dreamspeaker, the mystical doctor who dwells on Lone Point.}

We spent the next day heading south along a narrow river valley that meandered among the hills. By Pander's reckoning we would be a good week going south to see this Dreamspeaker guy. Why was I going along with it? Sticking with Pander seemed the safest bet at the time; only later did I regret it.

By noon we had entered a deeply wooded area east of the river. Pander had lost all pretensions to knowing where the trail was, so we set out leaping from tree to tree. Short though he was, Pander was quite nimble and I quickly fell behind him. His tuneless whistle had grown very faint when I suddenly heard a sharp *thwong!*

"Pander? Where are you?"

Silence; and then I heard a brief rustling in the trees ahead. The rustling came again, louder, as I crept back into the bole of a tree. Having taken flatworm lessons as a tad I flattened myself well against the wood and turned to—

—to receive a very large ornate painful blue checkered arrow in the left shoulder. A black fluid oozed from the tip and my body began to slip away from me. Some time after that my head left as well, and darkness prevailed.

\* \* \*

Pain; light; heat; smell; motion. I awoke with my wrists and ankles bound to a wooden shaft, at each end of which were short squat men with painted bodies. As we moved in a silent procession through open grassland I surveyed my captors and noticed that their paint served to highlight deep grisly wounds in their sides. Turning away from the sight, I found Pander, gagged and similarly bound on a pole, snoring uneasily to my left. The arrow had made an ugly wound in my shoulder; the venom must have been powerful since I had not felt it being pulled out.

Although these thugs looked pretty grim, I tried to talk to them. Then I yelled at them. Then I screamed at the top of my lungs. Then I realised they were deaf-mutes and gave up.

We continued this sombre journey through the desolate countryside for what seemed like hours. Pander awoke just once, and when he saw me he made a sign of resignation with his eyes. I wanted to ask him where we were going; I wanted to ask him who these goons were. But he soon drifted back into a drugged sleep.

Dusk was fast approaching when I felt our path begin to wind up the side of a huge, gently sloping hill. The mutes slowed as if in a formal procession and I began to hear chanting from somewhere above. As we reached the brow of the hill I twisted my head to see our destination: a large wooden stockade. We drew near the gate, which was festooned with skulls and spoils of war, and, as if by some secret signal, the mutes threw us down to the ground.

It was then that Warkal appeared. Warkal was a witch doctor; there's just no other way to describe him. He wore a long, strained cloak and a ritual belt hung with bones. His face and arms were painted like the bearers but rather than the blithe, content expression that the mutes wore his face gleamed with something else.

"Prisoners! You are now objects of my will! You will know my command as your law. You will know my voice as your god. You will know my loyalty as your soul ... the only one left to you."

I was still trying to figure this out when we were hoisted up again and carried into the enclosure. Inside the smell was unbearable; boiling cauldrons of animal flesh (I hoped) mingled with the stink of human filth and the acrid scent of human pain. We followed a narrow path through the offal until we came to a long hall built on a raised platform held up by stilts.

As the bearers struggled up the steep steps Pander finally became aware of our surroundings. His eyes slowly went wide and he somehow thrust off his gag to speak to me.

"Tis the worst! We are taken by King Karmelos!"

Thomas Ivey  
(to be cont'd.)

## The Tales of Dirk Halfspeed

### Part 3

"He should be here by now," said the waitress. "He said he'd be right over, didn't he?"

"Maybe he had a few last minute things to take care of," said Joe, trying to calm the waitress.

A moment later someone fell into the transporter chamber. This in itself was quite something, as only one other person had ever fallen into such a chamber. His name had been Phrea Ghaul and he had been a skydiver.

One day, rather than going to a party with some of his friends, he went skydiving. His friends decided that this was a selfish attitude on his part so they took it upon themselves to take him to the party. They had planned to transport him to their orbiting ship at the exact moment he had jumped from the skydiving platform, but they were a few seconds too late. Phrea materialized inside his friends' ship with the speed he had had a few minutes earlier. His last words as he plummeted towards the chamber floor were "Damn you again, Dent!" He was the only person to thus materialize, until now.

Whoever it was that materialized on Sirius did so rather painfully, but not fatally like Phrea Ghaul. He was dazed more by his surroundings than by the fall.

"You're not Dirk, are you?" asked the waitress.

"Huh !?"

"No, I didn't think so."

The waitress then turned to Joe and said, "We better find out where he came from."

So Joe King and Sirius set out to calculate the origins of the stranger. While they did this the waitress tried something.

"Hi, I'm Seran Dippity. What's your name?"

"Me ?! I ... I'm, A... A... Adhem."

"Where are you from, Adhem?"

"I... I... I'm fr... from Irth."

Again Seran turned to speak to Joe.

"Have you found out where he's from?" she asked.

"No, but we know he comes from a planet with a breathable atmosphere."

"How did you find that out?"

"He's alive, isn't he?"

"I can tell you where he's from," said Seran, pleased with herself.

"How do you know!? You don't have a computer better than Sirius!"

"I didn't use a computer, I asked him."

"Oh."

"The way I see it," said Seran, "Dirk and Adhem must have been switched by the transportation beam. So if we send Adhem back, we should get Dirk."

They tried Seran's idea. Adhem got back to Irth alright, but Dirk was still over the same cliff.

Joe and Seran were never aware of what did actually happen. Adhem had been transported back onto the horse he had fallen from only a few moments earlier. Eav (the girl with whom he had been riding) was so impressed with his bravery and skill on a horse (most of which had been done by Dirk and had nothing to do with bravery or skill) that she decided that Adhem was the man she wanted to spend the rest of her life with. They lived happily ever after, eventually raising a little Kain.

P. Tokarchuk  
O. Nahacziwec

continued from page 8

4) "What's with Canadian?"

The problem that Trudeau more a than economist and Mulroney to neither. Until has in who is concerned the than his, things going get (sorry Jones). P. Look the to 65¢ before first of.

5) "What's with Leafs?"

They're Toronto.

Well, you what have put with. Think some questions don't at.

Gooch

## Ask D.K.

Dear D.K.,

Valentine's Day is really nice for people in love, and I think that's just great. But why, oh, why, for those of us who are not in love or specialize in the unrequited variety, must it be such a loathsome slap in the face?

Never Oggled by Voluptuous Actresses,  
Lost Entirely to Nubile Tempresses,  
Its a Nasty Existence

Dear NO VALENTINE,

The reason is this: If your lack of Valentine's Day success were the only thing on your mind, you'd have little difficulty dealing with it. This, however, is rarely the case as there are usually an infinitum of petty annoyances to contend with as well.

For example, the day starts when your alarm goes off at five-thirty A.M. the time you promised yourself a fresh assault on those 3 assignments due.

It restarts at eight-thirty when you wake up.

Resigned to skipping your first class you decide to get to work on the two assignments left. But first, breakfast, to start the day off right.

So you pour a glass of orange juice and spread the last smidjin of of Mom's homemade marmelade, complete with a treasured lump of rind, onto a slice of bread.

Just as your slaving mouth is about to chomp into this delight, despite infinite caution and a fifth of a century developing advanced eye-hand co-ordination, you drop the slice of bread.

Fortunately, with lightening speed, you bring your other hand to bear upon the wayward slice to catch it just in time.

Or so you thought.

Unfortunately, a glass, having voided the last of the Minute Maid onto a stack of newly washed dishes and the last piece of carpet in the place where you can tread without something sticking to the soles of your bare feet, is firmly clasped in your hand.

Instead of your Kung-Fu grip (known to mid 70's G.I.Joe dolls and UW mathies alike) clasping down, vise-like, on your precipitant breakfast, it merely imparts precisely enough angular momentum to the bread to make it do three and a half full turns before landing on the floor.

Nevertheless, two hours later has you going to class with whatever shreds of your assignments (not to mention your sanity) you could piece together.

There is really not much you can do except stay out of the way of anyone who might give you a spontaneous hug. There is nothing more frustrating than building up a really good frowning hatred of the whole world just to have it undermined by someone's unknowing kindness.

Furthermore, if Valentine's Day is a complete waste for you, learn from it and get to work on that New Year's Eve party date. I'll be giving hints on proven techniques of the pro's in coming columns, so keep reading.

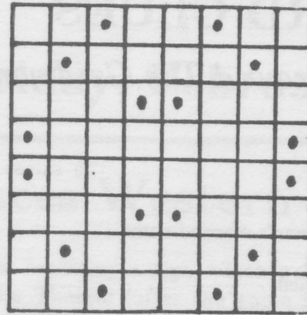
Good Luck,

D.K.

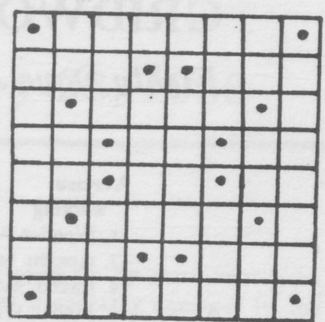
## Mathematical Puzzles

The solutions to last week's puzzle are shown below.

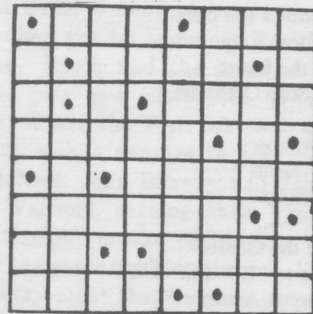
our solution



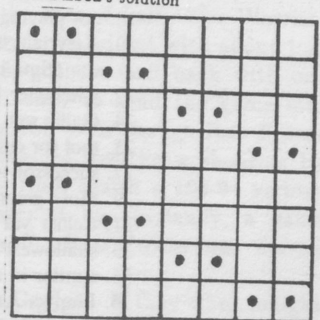
Brett Martin's solution



Thomas Meyer's solution



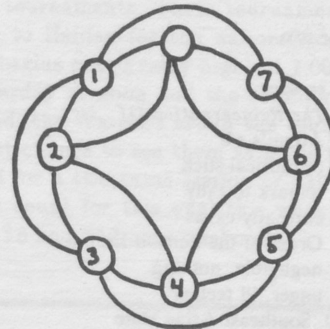
Ben Balboa's solution



In the diagram below, a train network is shown for a large city. Each number represents a train and each small circle represents a train station. The train station at the top has no train.

Reverse the order of the trains, by moving one train at a time to the empty station. (ie. Switch the positions of trains 1 and 7, 2 and 6, 3 and 5). The first move must be made by train 1,2,6 or 7.

The reversal can be done in as few as 15 moves.



the Wizard of Id

## PEKING EXPRESS

Luncheon Special

1:30 - 2:00 pm

150 University Ave. W., Waterloo  
884-9220

# GRIDWORD

## GRIDWORD CLUES

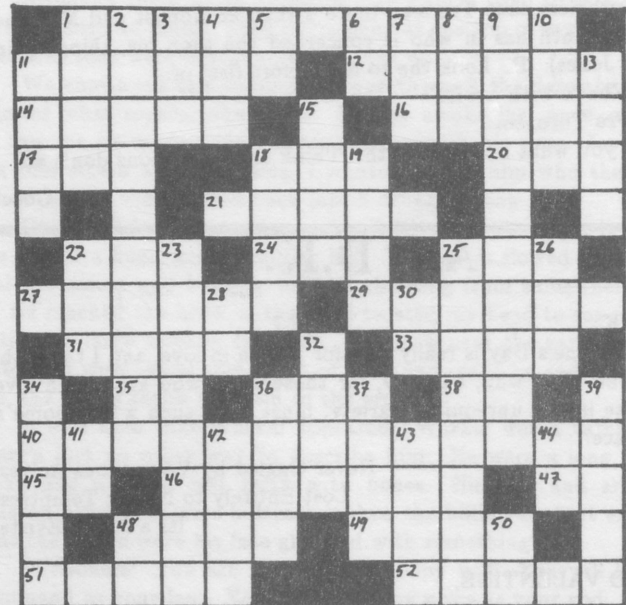
### Eighty Days Around The Gridword

**Across**

- 1. working
- 11. Wonder Woman's married name
- 12. taps the back
- 14. slaked, satisfied
- 16. Pinball Wizard John
- 17. brewed beverage
- 18. not playing with a full deck
- 20. Assyrian Student Emporium
- 21. sometime in the future
- 22. Kitchener Pickup Orchestra
- 24. Gallic salt
- 25. tool for cultivation
- 27. successor to Darius
- 29. those green things
- 31. Cellist Ma
- 33. shallowest of the Greats
- 35. similar in use to "Er" and "Uh"
- 36. Finnish Anarchy Association
- 38. post scriptum
- 40. pertaining to the baptism of children
- 45. see 38. across
- 46. bring back, return something
- 47. metric system
- 48. aquatic vessel
- 49. Smith's murder
- 51. famous mathematical papyrus
- 52. spare, excess

**Down**

- 1. spoken
- 2. *The Reincarnation Of ...*
- 3. Adam's rib
- 4. cylindrical stick
- 5. remark to Billy
- 6. currently exists
- 7. Order of the Persian Empire
- 8. negligible, nothing
- 9. anger, ill feeling
- 10. Southeast Asian state
- 11. the peasants are revolting
- 13. x, by identity
- 15. party, blowout
- 18. February Annual Student Show
- 19. sharp yell
- 22. lock mate
- 23. The Little Giant, eg.
- 25. musical amphibian
- 26. summer in Provence
- 32. covered attention
- 34. not lower
- 36. rapid, speedy
- 37. discrete part
- 39. smooth, oily
- 41. connected to ES2
- 42. part of string, ornament
- 43. angers (ie. plural)
- 44. similar to
- 48. two-pronged prefix
- 50. marker, grader



## Beneath The Valley Of The UltraGridcomments

Last week's gridword was, admittedly, a tricky one. Having a few errors in the clues didn't help, but perhaps made it just that much more of a challenge to those few hardy souls who handed in solutions. Close-but-no-cigar solutions were received from Carl Angers & Phil Locker, W. Jim Jordan, Ann Onymous, Glenn Langford & Peter Koning, Craig Eisler & Greg Milligan, and The BB&W Gridword Solvers - sorry, guys! The winning entry came (envelope, please!) from Thomas Meyer - you can come to the **mathNEWS** or MathSoc offices to claim a valuable prize.

As for this new gridword, some attempt has been made to have more crossover in the clues, so we hope more of you bored readers out there take heart in your Friday morning classes and take a stab at it. Solutions must be submitted to the **Black Box** by Saturday, February 22th.

Frazzled E. Gridwordman

